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HAPPINESS

EMMA H. EMERSON, '18

"And we all would happy be!" Very true is the little song. But how to be happy? That is the great question. It seems to many of us that some men are born happy, some have happiness thrust upon them, and some achieve happiness. There is the secret. Every man who is a man can achieve happiness. Milton has said: "Myself am Hell," and he is right, but just as true, "Myself am Heaven," and if we can admit one we can the other.

But first the happy man must be the strong man. He must have the will-power to be happy. He must will the right, whatever is highest and best in him to rule, and come what may he must hold firm to his decision. He must overcome his moods, and look sharp not only that, "all men count with him but none too much," but also that all things count with him but none too much. He must be of the calibre that does not seek to go around or sail lightly over his troubles, but that determines to go *through* them and conquer them. To be happy he must be free, free of the moods and depressions which drag so many people down and make them slaves to their own littleness. Any man who consciously or unconsciously asks his moods what he shall do during the day is losing in his own battle. It is weak to say that we cannot control our moods. By holding persistently to the bright and cheerful the gloom is soon dispelled. The battle is often hard and long, but by fighting the

will becomes stronger, the persistent **willing** of looking on the bright side of things soon becomes a habit and before we know it the victory is won. On the other hand, one-half the battles are lost by a certain melancholy joy to be found in brooding over wrongs, real or unreal, and a tendency to consider our own troubles unique. No man with red blood in his veins will ever consent to a condition like this for any length of time. He will soon realize he is losing his right to be happy by such weak and spineless actions and will rouse his delinquent will to the utmost to overcome them. It is by persistent looking on the bright side that he makes it his.

Then, too, he must have a certain hearty acceptance of his lot. We must all realize that this world is not the world we have dreamed it to be, that it is bound to contain trials and sorrows—the common heritage of all men—and that there are but two ways to accept these troubles, cheerfully or gloomily, to angrily revolt or make the best of them. A man can never be happy while he is forever anticipating the evils and worries which may never come. What a shameful waste of human life and energy is involved in this very way! "Never cross a bridge until you come to it" is indeed a good motto for him who would be happy. Not only can the man who is constantly worrying never be happy himself, but he prevents all others around him from being happy. Nothing can be more discouraging than to have around continually someone who is worrying, worrying incessantly over imagined ills, whose face is always long, and who ever sees in the sunshine of today a possibility of rain for tomorrow. If that man has nothing in his own life to rejoice for, he should still remember his duty to others, and, if he would only realize it, in trying to make others happier he would greatly benefit himself, and soon find the world a rather dear old place after all.

It is not always true that success brings happiness, but happiness is itself success. "Make thy claim of wages a zero; then hast thou the world at thy feet." The man who works for wages, and wages alone, will never be the happy man. If he would be happy he must work for the love of the struggle,

for the joy in overcoming obstacles, and for the pure rejoicing in the strength it gives him.

So it is not our world which we would change. It is our attitude toward it. We must realize that it is not an ideal world, and deal with it accordingly. Our world is a part of the material we are given to work with, just as are our mental and physical make-ups. We must realize the short-comings, but love it none the less, just as we love friends even while we know they are not perfect.

He who looks for faults is sure to find them—and cause unhappiness by so doing. But he who persists in looking for the happy and in seeing "so much good in the worst of us" will find these things too. Happiness is very much like many other things. We get just as much out of it as we put in, and those who insist upon looking at the world through smoked glasses must not expect to find it bright and shining. So it is the man who tries, who is content with being and doing, and who goes determiningly through all his troubles that will find true happiness. "To be won it has but to be sought vigorously enough—to be sought not by changing one's environment, but by changing one's self; not by acquiring new things, but by acquiring a new attitude toward things: not by getting what could make one happy, but by learning to be happy with what one can get. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you!"

SHORTS

HAZEL E. HUTCHINS, '19

"Yes, ye jest hang a dishcloth out on yer porch railin' an' I'll fetch 'em in to ye most any mornin'. I aim ter row by 'long 'bout six when it's fine."

"Splendid! I certainly will hang one out often, Cap'n Jim," said Mrs. Newhall. "I had rather have a dozen of your little 'shorts' than all the large lobsters in a whole fish market. But do tell me, Cap'n, how you always manage to escape the notice of the lobster warden! Aren't you ever fined?"

"Fined!" ejaculated Cap'n Jim. "Fined by Ed Dagget! Why him an' me go ter the same meetin' house all so long as the snow lasts, every winter. I should smile if he thought any of fining me!" The Cap'n finished emptying a squirming mass of lobsters into a large tin pan. "There ye are! twelve an' one fer luck." He put his sack over his shoulder, and turned to go.

"But Cap'n Jim," went on Mrs. Newhall, "my husband was talking with some men coming down from the city on the boat, last night, and they said that a new warden went on duty today. They were quite excited about it."

Cap'n Jim dropped a penny of the change that Mrs. Newhall had just handed him, but he disdained picking it up.

"New warden?" he said slowly and evenly. "Ye don't rec'lect who, do ye, m'am?"

"Harmon, Hammond, or some name that begins with 'H.' I don't just—"

"Adrian Hammond, all right! I might hev knowd they'd set a youngster after us old uns." The Cap'n drew a large horn-handled jack-knife from his pocket, opened it, and musingly scraped at a callous place on his hard palm.

Mrs. Newhall waited for him to speak, but he was silent.

"Shall I put my cloth out day after tomorrow? I should like three dozen, if possible, for I expect company; but if—"

"Put her out!" said Cap'n Jim, closing his knife. "Put her out. Ye'll hev 'em if there's any ter be hed." He walked down the path, crunching the gravel under his heels.

"Doesn't seem to let it bother him much," thought Mrs. Newhall. She was mistaken. Cap'n Jim's unconcern was only skin deep. For years he had supplied island visitors with lobsters, large and small, with a total disregard for their legal length. He had, indeed, realized more from his sale of "shorts" than for the larger full-grown lobsters. This appointment of a new warden might have disastrous results, especially since the summer trade had just begun, and the sea abounded in half-grown lobsters.

There had been a storm the evening before, and the sky was still filled with swiftly moving clouds, clean white against the blue. The sea was still grumbling, and whitecaps showed, here and there, out of a blue deeper than that of the sky. As Cap'n Jim came out from the woods of the path into the sweep of the sea, he stood still for a moment.

"Looks as if every last thing on earth had been scoured and scrubbed," he thought, "and then as if some one had slopped all the bluin' water down into the ocean, 'long with some o' the soap suds." He started on again, almost ashamed of his childish thought, when—

"Hello!" somebody hailed, and the Cap'n turned, and faced a young fellow who had just caught up with him.

"Hi there, Adrian Hammond," said Cap'n Jim composedly. "Nice mornin'."

"Great!" assented Hammond. "You're out early."

"H'mm early? Fer ye maybe."

"Oh! I forgot that you were always out before sun up. Would you mind telling me what you have in your sack?"

Cap'n Jim straightened up angrily. "None of yer—why, no," he finished mildly. "Look for yeself if ye so like. There's no law agin takin' clams ter folks be there?"

Hammond inspected the empty sack with feigned carelessness.

"Not that I know of," he said.

"Well, what's the fuss about, then?" said Cap'n Jim, and started off again.

"Stop!"

"Wal, what's got ye now?" The Cap'n paused.

"Cap'n Jim," said Hammond, "we might as well have it out now as later. I know as well as you do what kind of shellfish you had in your sack, and they weren't just the color of clams, either. I don't want to be hard on you, but this selling of 'shorts' has got to stop. I know you're a good church member, but that doesn't stop me from fining **you,** just as much as anyone else who breaks the law. It's my duty and I—"

"That's right, son," said Cap'n Jim. "Ye know your duty an' I know mine, an' we both do 'em 'cordin' as we see 'em, an' all that. Yup, I s'pose ye can't help bein' what the Lord made ye, tho I hev my opinion o' folks who go snoopin'—"

"Go slow, Cap'n," muttered Hammond, angrily. "If I catch you with any 'shorts' you pay one dollar apiece for them. That's law, and you can't get by it."

"I never paid no fine yit, an' I ain't lookin' ter."

"It's fine or jail!" said Hammond dryly. "I've warned you, Cap'n, and—"

"Poor feller," commented the Cap'n, "it's a shame to git ye up so early in the mornin'. It don't improve yer disposition none."

The Cap'n walked leisurely away, leaving Hammond flushed and angry.

After this meeting with the warden, Cap'n Jim took special precautions. He often made his deliveries at four in the morning, instead of six, and became skilled in every kind of delusion and evasion. Once, Hammond stopped him directly in front of the general variety store, and made him show the contents of a rubber coat which was rolled up in a suspicious manner. A dozen or more salt codfish rolled out.

"Always ready ter obleege," said the Cap'n, "ye might look in my pockets or under my shirt ter see if ye find any lobsters, if them's what ye're lookin' fer. I, fer one, kin see only **one** thing that 'minds me any of a **lobster.**" He looked meaningly at Hammond, and the loiterers round the place

laughed. Hammond was a lot more cautious in his methods after that incident, but, for that matter, so was Cap'n Jim.

The whole question was to Cap'n Jim more than a mere paying of fines. Cap'n Jim was not, as he expressed it, so stiff and straight a church member that he bent backwards, but he **was** a firm believer in a God, and in the Commandments, providing that he could do as he pleased about interpreting them. But—he was unwilling to obey any rule which was not written down in black and white on the inside of the meetinghouse door **if** that rule interfered with **his** idea of right and freedom of action. It was absolutely a waste of breath to preach to him about the reason and need for a law prohibiting the sale of lobsters under a certain length and size.

"The Lord put 'em in the sea," he would say, "and there ain't no Bible rule that says thou shalt measure every lobster from mouth ter tail, an' cast the small back inter the sea agin. Why is it they don't forbid killin' lambs so as ter let 'em grow inter old sheep? Becus they're tender to eat while they're young, that's why, an' it's the same way with lobsters. I fer one don't intend to 'bide by no law such as makes folks eat only the tough ones."

The Cap'n surely lived up to his belief, and kept the island visitors well supplied with "shorts."

For weeks Cap'n Jim outwitted the lobster warden, then, one hot August afternoon the threatened catastrophe came. Cap'n Jim was carrying two suitcases, liberally plastered with foreign labels, up the road to one of the cottages. There was nothing unusual about that, for the Cap'n often carried baggage for people, but Hammond, passing by, detected a slight trickling of water from the corner of one of the suitcases. Cap'n Jim was stopped, and forced to open the cases. Out of them tumbled three and a half dozen "shorts."

"Three times twelve are thirty-six, and six are forty-two," said Hammond. "Sorry Cap'n, but you'll have to anty up. Forty-two dollars it is."

"I ain't goin' ter pay no fine," declared the Cap'n.

"But you'll have to, or go to jail!"

"I won't pay, I tell ye!"

"Cap'n Jim," stated Hammond firmly, "I'll give you until just eight tonight to make up your mind, fine or jail."

Cap'n Jim went home. He went slowly up the shell path, and paused before going in. In the yard an old churn stood aflame with geraniums, and on either side of the path the grass was greyed and flattened under the meshes of drying fish-nets. Hung under the windows, just above the hollyhocks, were long lines of half-dried silvery-scaled fish. The old shingled house, itself, looked aged and grey, and as its old shingles like the grey fish scales were almost ready to be brushed off by the wind. Cap'n Jim surveyed the whole place unseeingly for several moments. Then he went in, and told his wife the whole story. Stolid, like most women of the island, she said little until he had finished and then—

"Ye can't git by it, Jim," she said. "I'm feared ye'll hev to give up an' pay."

"It seems like I can't," said Cap'n Jim, and started towards the door again. "I'll be back before—before late," he said, and went out.

His wife watched him go down the path and across the beach that led to Harbor de Grace, the inlet where he kept his dory. It was sunset, and she gazed after him, as he rowed with long, swinging strokes, cutting the smooth vari-colored, oil-like water of the harbor into ridges, and then leaving it smooth again, as he left the harbor for the open sea.

By quarter of eight the Cap'n was back. His wife (his woman in island language) had supper still waitinig, and the Cap'n ate heartily and silently, as far as speech was concerned.

At eight o'clock exactly, Hammond put in an appearance. Cap'n Jim met him at the door, handed him a roll of bills, and stood blocking the doorway with one arm.

"Take it and git!" he said. Hammond obeyed.

Cap'n Jim went back into the house, and sat down in the dimly lighted kitchen. "I've sunk every lobster pot!" he announced to his wife, "every last one of 'em. I'll never sell another lobster 's 'long 's I live!"

"But ye'll hev to—"

"Yes, we'll hev to live," broke in Cap'n Jim. "Come next month, an' I go fishin' old or not old."

"Not—"

"Yes, off the banks!" said Cap'n Jim.

* * * * * *

On a misty September morning, Cap'n Jim's wife stood in the doorway, and with her hand shading her eyes, watched her husband board the larger boat from his dory. Not until the last dot of the mast of the sloop had disappeared in the mist, did she move. Then she went in to her work.

Weeks and months went by. In December came the news that Cap'n Jim had been drowned. The man who brought the news, (he was from the city), expected the Cap'n 's wife to faint, or to cry out. She did nothinig of the kind. "'Twas yer grand city laws as killed him," she said, and he thought her slightly out of her mind because of grief.

She followed the man to the door, and watched him go down the snowy path. Then, bareheaded, she stood in the doorway, and, with one hand shading her eyes, looked out over little Harbor de Grace, and beyond. She stood almost motionless, only one hand twisted convulsively her work-worn apron. The ice was in the little harbor, and the sun glinted on its polished surface, and lit up the deep blue of the water beyond. "Come summer," she said musingly, "I kin take boarders. Yes, I kin manage somehow, only—" She stood watching, searching the horizon. She shivered. "Must be below zero," she said, and went in.

FAREWELL

Always we feel an aversion to bidding our friends good-bye, whether they are leaving us for a long or a short journey. We think how much pleasanter it would be if they could take their departure without the sorrow of leave-taking. We would miss them just as keenly to be sure, but we would be spared that good-bye.

We feel it a task indeed, to bid farewell to our Seniors who are leaving us. We feel that there is nothing that we say to show adequately our appreciation of what they have meant to us in our college life. It has been said that the ideals of a college are embodied in its Senior class. This is indeed a true

statement. The Seniors have been examples in scholarship, athletics and true college spirit. We can only say very simply, that we shall miss them, and in all sincerity we wish them success and prosperity.

We wish to make a short explanation in regard to the pageant which is printed in this issue. It is intended especially for the workers in Eight Weeks Clubs during the summer vacation. The idea is to offer a pageant, simple in its requirements, yet complete enough to be used in any community. It is not offered as complete and finished, it is merely a suggestion for the encouragement of the leaders.

TO A PLUCKED BUTTERCUP

LAWRENCE WOODMAN, '14

O delicate golden chalice, Hand of God
  Fashioned you out of a sunbeam pale and thin,
  Scraping a handful of gold from off the rim
Of the shining orb, and touching it with His rod!
O Mandarined chalice, smiling from the sod,
  You tell the glory come from serving Him
  Who "made the heavens, and earth, and all therein;"
And made me likest Him, His manor lord!

Made me—O delicate-petalled little flower,—
  My thoughts can climb no further than the dew
  That sprinkled the wild garden where you grew
With a fond-memoried, star-like, gentle shower,
  Last night—and even tonight the dews will fall—
And turn to tears, in truth, O little rumpled ball!

RUDYARD KIPLING IN ENGLISH FICTION

MARY LOUISE NEWCOMER, '19

"East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of Providence ceases: man there being handed over to the power of the Gods and Devils of Asia, and the Church of England Providence only exercising an occasional and modified supervision in the case of Englishmen."

Perhaps it is this somewhat erratic supervision which has produced the original genius who has revealed to us the mysticism and the romance of British India. Certain it is that Mr. Kipling is the most original English writer of this era. He has opened a new field in literature, having done for India what Scott did for Scotland, what Cooper did for our pre-Colonial Canadian borderland, and what Bret Harte has done for the mining camps of the Pacific coast.

Joseph Rudyard Kipling, born in Bombay in 1865, and educated in England, is a simple, retiring man, almost painfully shy. He is, in spite of the fact that he cares to meet few people, a careful and thoughtful observer of human nature. Following his marriage, in 1892, to Miss Balestier of New York, the author made his home in Vermont for four years. His home there was built, at his order, back to the street, ostensibly to discourage visitors. While writing "The Naulahka," Mr. Kipling, with his wife and brother-in-law, spent some time in a Colorado village, for the sake of procuring atmosphere and setting. One of my friends, who was visiting there at the same time, told me that the author himself refused to meet any of the townspeople, although Mrs. Kipling and Mr. Balestier made many friends. It seems hard to recognize in the retiring citizen of the Vermont village the Kipling we know, the genial, frank humorous fellow, who, dropping down on our doorsteps, gossips about Mrs. Hauksbee, or "My friend, Strickland." It is still harder to reconcile the openly sympathetic character of the friend who tells us, in his own inimitable fashion, the pa-

thetic little tale which he entitles "Thrown Away," or relates that perfect piece of hard representation, "At the End of the Passage," with the reserved sojourner in the little Colorado town. The two phases of his character seem absolutely at variance—one seems to refute the possibility of the other.

Mr. Kipling is at his best in telling of India, whether it be the mysterious India of the native, or the Anglo-India of the stations. This latter subject redivides itself into the stories of social life among the civil and military officials, and the stories of the common soldier.

To the first of these three groups belongs "Kim," the greatest and most characteristic of the author's long stories, and "Without Benefit of Clergy," a touching little tale of a native girl's love for a white man. A great Indian critic has pronounced this latter to be the most typical story of native Indian life ever written. This same critic, by the way, declares that Mr. Kipling himself knows practically nothing of India. That in order to begin to understand the curious customs and superstitions of the natives, the "dusky matters not beholden of the many," one must live in India for at least fifty years. Mr. Kipling's father, the writer adds, probably knows more about native Indian life than any white man that has ever lived.

To the second group belong the stories of Mrs. Hauksbee, and Strickland, of Wee Willie Winkie, and many, many others, equally fascinating, and equally worthy of mention.

To the third group belong the Mulvany stories, Mulvany, who is only "A six-foot saturated Irish private, but a considerable promise of more to come," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," which has already become a classic.

In addition to these three groups, there are the Jungle Books, totally different, but no less remarkable. The author's imaginative genius is at its best here, for the stories take us back to the India of long ago, of unbroken jungle, "Haunted by memories of the world's long infancy, when man and beast were not clearly differentiated, but still crouched down together on the breast of Mother Earth."

The whole of India, vast, incomprehensible, vague, the old

and the new so rediculously entwined, is spread out bofer one in "Kim."

Kim, a most remarkable little mite of humanity, is a fascinating mixture of the shrewdness of experienced age—a kind of man-of-the-worldliness,—and the credulousness of childhood. His engaging manner, his quick Irish wit, his cool bravery, and his readiness to serve his friends, early won for him the title, "Little-Friend of all the World." The story tells how "the red bull on the green field, and the colonel riding on a tall horse," came into his untamed young life, and gave the little orphan a Sahib's education. It follows the adventures of an old Llama on his search for the "River of the Arrow." There are many more interesting characters who move back and forth across the great panorama—Mahbub Ali, the Paythan horse dealer and secret service man, for whom Kim performed many hazardous exploits; Lurgan Sahib, who performed magic; Hurree Babu, the fat native secret service man; and the Kulu woman of the sharp tongue and the kind heart.

Kim's mind, despite his English parentage, is distinctly Oriental. He thinks in the vernacular, and except when speaking to the English, expresses himself through the same medium. The peculiar repartee of the far East, the terse native proverbs, the taunts and jibes of the middle castes for the lower, are best brought out in Kim's conversations. To a native constable who demands a "takkus" of two annas, Kim replied, while he dodged out of reach,

"Consider for a while, man with a mud head. Think you that I come from the nearest pond, like the frog, thy father-in-law? Ah, brother, I am a **town** crow, not a **village** crow." The shrewdness of the boy-philosopher is shown by his characteristic analysis of the situation, while, through a crack in the wall, he watched a man carefully searching Mahbub's baggage.

"It must be the pedigree of that made-up horse-lie," said he. "Those that search bags with knives may presently search bellies with knives. Surely there is a **woman** behind this."

The story is droll, enlivening, pathetic, refreshingly unique, vividly Oriental, always absorbing. The action is swift; "the performance comes off before the more circumspect have time

to decide whether they like it or not.'' The diction is in many places that of the vernacular, and rises at times to a majestic sort of prose-poetry, which half recalls the solemn beauty and rhythm of the Hebrew prophets.

This story, like most of Mr. Kipling's, is practically lacking in plot; it is pure narration. Its fascination lies in its exhilarating freshness, and the mysterious charm of its characters and its atmosphere.

Rudyard Kipling's style is marked by vigor, audacity, and efficiency. He is a portrait painter of life in the broad—an impressionist, and, above all, a realist. His manner of knocking the nail on the head is almost disconcerting in its abruptness and sureness of aim. As a narrator he is unexcelled. His descriptions are rugged and powerful; vivid pictures spread before one with two or three mighty strokes of the brush. The finer details of these pictures he leaves to be imagined, or to be supplied by the reader from the story.

''Kim'' is generally regarded as the high water mark of the author's achievement, for here he is in his own peculiar province, and his medium is that in which he has the greatest skill, simple narration. Here he has, figuratively speaking, conquered worlds of which we knew not the existence.

EPITOME

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

A little breeze crept up the morn;
(We heard it whisper down the day—)
A little shadow gloamed upon
A hillock not so far away.

A shadow steals along the days;
A rainbow thrills across the tears—
(And Oh, the purpling Amaranths blaze
His race among the misty spheres.)

(Suggested by the passing of Frank Alexander Nevers, Bates '12, to a larger life, on April 23, 1917.)

THE GREEK WOMEN DURING THE BALKAN WAR

TASSO HARITOS, '20

Before entering upon my main subject, it may be well to give an account of the evolution of the Greek women since the independence of Greece, and to portray the conditions under which they had lived, even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Previous to the revolution for the independence of Greece in 1821, which gave liberty to a small portion of the Hellenique Empire, women kept close indoors, for they were afraid of attracting the attention of their Turkish oppressors. Families at that time led a patriarchal life. All the members of the family were subject to the head of the household, who provided for his sons and employed them in his business without thought of giving them a salary. At his death the elder son took his place, and the whole family looked to him for orders and protection.

A brother never thought of being married until he had found suitable husbands for his sisters and had provided them with doweries. To do this he often made great sacrifices but no one admired him for doing what was considered an imperative duty.

The girls of a family were never married without bringing with them several large chests containing their trousseaux, which consisted of an ample provision of linen for the necessities of the new home. These trousseaux lasted a lifetime, for fashions did not exist.

The girls were brought up with the idea that marriage was their destiny, and that to be good housewives should be their aim in life. The ladies and the girls of the wealthiest families used to spend occasionally one afternoon at each others houses where embroidery was their pastime; and sometimes they would have a banquet. It is needless to say that these afternoons were chiefly confined to the ladies and that men were

as much apart from women as in the olden times in Greece.

Even in church the women had a gallery especially for them where they attended divine service behind a lattice-work. Very aristocratic houses also had their windows protected by lattice-work.

From her life in her father's house to her life in her husband's home there was little change. Before marriage the woman obeyed her father and mother; after marriage she obeyed her husband and his parents. At that period Greek women had been living in this state of subjection without imagining that at a short distance from them there were girls who traveled alone, earned their own living, and who were answerable to no one for their actions.

"As the years run the customs change," says a Greek proverb. A few years of free life were sufficient to change the Greek women. As soon as Greek women began to have intercourse with the women of other countries, the state of affairs existing there was a revelation to them.

The old-fashioned gowns were replaced by the tailor-made dresses of the day. The out-of-style cap which was between the Turkish fez and a football cap with a very long hanging tassel was replaced by the Parisian hat, which changed every two weeks at the expense of the father's, husband's, or brother's purse. The modest, for so old people called them, old-fashioned shoes were superseded by the most stylish high boots with their Louis quinze heels. The strictly women parties gave place to five-o'clock tea and the most social private dances. The "staying indoors" gave place to the every afternoon promenades and excursions.

Besides the desire of imitation it was natural that in a country where sky and mountains invited them to enjoy nature women and men too, should feel little desire to sit at home. In Athens people go out for the sake of being out and enjoying the bright and glorious sunshine. They sit round the small tables with which the side-walk in front of the cafes is occupied and friends join them there.

The idea of the necessity of education for girls grew up soon after the liberation of Greece; and today one sees girls

working in Government offices or in private companies as typists, book-keepers, cashiers, or saleswomen, while it is not rare to see women druggists or women doctors. But in spite of this novelty of liberty, the old Greek customs exist yet almost unchanged.

The most worldly Greek woman will find time between her parties and milliners to spend several hours every day with her children. Nevertheless, some of these ladies, despite their great interest in their children and their love of pleasure were active enough to be on the committees of hospitals, schools and other institutions.

Such were Greek women before the war with Turkey broke out. Old people of Greece, who were even at this early period attached to their ancient customs did not look with kindly eyes upon this transformation of the women. At the breaking out of the war they had no hope that Greek women would be able to give assistance in time of need. A Greek writer, in a series of articles published in the "London Times," dealing with this same subject and expressing the thoughts of the old Greek people about women, wrote among other things:

"They remembered the graced Souliot women who had danced in a circle on the edge of a precipice with their children in their arms, and as each in turn reached the brink she threw herself boldly into the hands of the Turks. They remembered the Boncoulina, who, after sending her sons to fight by land, herself took the command of a vessel. Then they would point to the dainty little ladies passing before them and add: "Who could believe that those things had happened in the year 1821, not a century ago, and that our women had been transformed into these empty-headed butterflies. Why, they would scream and faint at the sight of a wound, and as for facing an enemy they would fly before he was in sight, only stopping to see that their dresses did not make ungraceful folds."

But fortunately for our Country the fears of all these superficial observers were proven groundless. The moment that war was declared the Greek ladies were transformed. It is not an exaggeration if I say that those prettily dressed dolls suddenly developed into heroines.

Perhaps some will remember how the League of Greek Women, who doubtless longed for universal peace quite as much as their sisters in happier countries, refused to pass a resolution similar to that passed by the Sister Association in Great Britain, the United States, and other countries, denouncing war. Their motive was explained to the delegate of an association who visited Athens in the words, "We cannot conscientiously pass this resolution when our sisters still remain under the Turkish yoke."

The war broke out, and they proved that these were not empty words. As military service is compulsory in Greece, every family had to send some of its members to the colors. It reminded one of the old Spartan days to see sisters without a tear in their eyes bidding farewell to their brothers who were starting for the front, and mothers smiling while wishing their sons success and a happy return. A great deal of the bravery with which Greek soldiers fought during the Balkan War is due to the valuable assistance and encouragement they had received from their women. All of them had cheerfully given up every amusement as well as money and time, in order to devote themselves heart and soul to the relief of the families whom the soldiers had left behind. Others, following the army and nursing the wounded endured hardships of which a Spartan would be proud.

To those who have visited Athens and have seen the number of her philanthropic institutions it may not be unknown that they are almost all due to the indefatigable work of the women. The example was set up by the Royal family, the members of which from the very beginning of the war until the end of it, made light every hardship in order to contribute as much as they could to the alleviation of the suffering.

A Society called the League of Greek Women, which is under the presidency of the Queen of Greece, with headquarters in Athens and branches in the cities all over the country; in co-operation with two other societies, the Society for Relief, and the Blue Cross Society undertook very successfully both works, namely, that of the relief of the families

whom the soldiers left behind and that of the organization of hospitals for the wounded.

In every parish there were ladies of the league, who inquired the circumstances of every family; and food, clothing, and medical assistance was given to those who were in need. Soup kitchens were established in which ladies worked and which gave food to hundreds of the soldiers' families. Some ladies set up private kitchens at their own houses and at their own expense where they undertook to provide food for hundreds of persons daily.

Special establishments were running under the superintendence of the ladies of the league, where wives could leave their children from morning till night, being thus free to go out to work. Governesses were engaged to care for these children and teach the older ones reading and writing.

Among the many valuable services which the society for relief performed during the war, was the supplying of the men who were at the front with fresh warm underclothing so that cases of death or illness from exposure to the cold, might be avoided as much as possible. After a warm appeal to the people a great deal of money was subscribed for this purpose, and many ladies throughout the country knitted socks and other garments for the soldiers. But the highest service given by Greek women during that critical period in our nation's fortunes was their assistance in the hospital work. Most of the hospitals established all over the country are due to the unceasing efforts of our Blue Cross, which was under the presidency of our Princesses. The same Blue Cross fitted up our only floating hospital, a model of up-to-date comfort for the transportation of the wounded. One Princess often traveled with the wounded and really looked after them assisted by her staff of Greek lady nurses.

Another of our Princesses followed the army from the very beginning of the war and undertook the superintendence of the hospitals nearest the front at each stage of the advance. With her staff of nurses she established a hospital in every town which she visited. So thoroughly did she enter into the work which she had undertaken that she was more than once

mistaken for a nurse, as she moved among the wounded in her cap and apron.

An amusing anecdote is told about this Princess and a wounded soldier who had been brought in the hospital from the battle. He wished to be relieved of his boots and socks, and, seeing the Princess standinig near him and being unaware of her identity he requested her to remove them for him, which she promptly did. A comrade who had watched this little scene asked him whether he knew who the kind lady was. On hearing that he did not, he enlightened him. The poor soldier was ashamed, and afterwards whenever the Princess entered the room he did under the bed-clothes.

After a time the Princess noticed this and inquired the reason of his curious behavior. She then spoke a few words to the soldier, telling him that he had done nothing to be ashamed of.

The more courageous ladies went to the battle-field before the ambulance men could reach it with their stretchers. These ladies carried brandy to the wounded, and stanched their wounds in haste to prevent loss of blood till they could be properly treated. After making their way among the dead to assist the living, these ladies did not leave the battle-field till they had prepared the dead for burial.

Long after the others had left the spot these brave women might be seen endeavoring to ascertain the names of the dead, and inscribing them on the rude cross they set above the men's graves so that their relatives or friends might be enabled to identify the place later on.

I will not close without mentioning the valuable assistance to the hospital work of the foreign Red Cross Societies, among which our adopted country was represented by Miss Dolan, an Irish-American lady. She had had great experience in hospital work in New York, and assisted by American nurses she undertook the management of a large hospital at Epirus.

To all these ladies the Greek people everywhere will ever feel grateful for the work they accomplished.

THE VIOLET GOWN

HELEN WILLARD HOWARD, '95

Jonathan Ware was a hard man. He had been a hard boy, a hard youth, and now he was a hard man of forty.

"What is there to make a man soft and womanish if his every day living depends upon the strength of his muscles, and his ability to wrest an honest dollar from the soil of the earth," he would say. "Let the preachers and the painters rave about the sunsets; the farmer can't. To him a mixed up red and yellow sunset means a good hay day on the morrow, and dry, clean hay for the cows when winter comes."

As one would naturally expect, his helpmeet was his exact opposite.

A mere slip of a woman was Minerva Ware, meek and modest in every movement, and with a childlike innocence and simplicity radiating from her womanly personality. Jonathan was the stanch oak around which the tiny and fragile tendrils of Minerva's vinelike nature crept and clung.

That these two people would probably have lived their lives, showing always the same ratio of physical and mental strength toward each other, is highly probable had not a peculiar incident occurred.

Minerva had recently attended the sewing circle and had met a fashionably dressed woman from the city ten miles away.

Mrs. Glover's gown on this occasion worked havoc to Minerva's peace of mind. It was a neatly made black foulard silk with a violet sprig in design, and as it was April it looked more violetty and smelly than it would have any other month of the year.

If she could only have a gown with a violet sprig on it! The material was not the vital point; it was the spray of flowers. "It has been a good day for ploughing" observed Jonathan, that night at supper, "and tomorrow is likely to be another."

"Yes," assented Minerva, "a very springlike day. It makes one thing of vio—"

"That yearling calf is a bouncer," broke in Jonathan; "she will be worth a round sum by fall."

Minerva made one more timid attempt. It was the same evening and it seemed a most propitious moment.

"Do you like violets,—the color of violet, I mean," hastened Minerva.

Jonathan awakened. "Do I like violets, the color of violet? What other color would they be likely to be," said Jonathan, and he looked long and strangely at Minerva.

Minerva hurriedly added, "Violet always seems such a lady-like color for a woman to wear, and I have often thought that I—"

"Violets are worth considering if one can raise them for market, a cent a blossom, I hear," interrupted Jonathan. "But a violet is one of many good-looking weaklings. Take a brown-eyed Susan and you have something. And brown is a sensible, durable color."

"Sensible and durable,"—poor Minerva! Her thoughts flew to her closet where in tidy array were hung a brown suit, a brown silk gown and a brown polka-dotted muslin. There was no "God Bless Our Home" on their walls, but there was an invisible motto. It was "Sensible and Durable."

Minerva did not sleep well that night. Her dreams were a strange mixture of violet polka dots on brown muslins, and stiff brown-eyed Susans growing in her violet bed under the dining-room window.

The next morning as she was starting to make gingerbread she saw her next door neighbor coming up the garden path.

And it was a strange providence that sent Jane Mellen to call on this particular morning. She was entirely unlike Minerva in physique and temperament.

Tall, straight, and constructed on generous lines, one had only to look into her level gray eyes to know of the forceful nature within.

"Well, Minerva, you look kind of seedy; aren't you feeling well?"

"I am well," answered Minerva, "but I feel tired and listless. You were not at the circle I noticed. And Jane," she continued, her face brightening, "Mrs. Glover had on the prettiest gown I ever saw. It was black silk with violets on it. Violets are so lovely. I—"

The rest of her sentence was lost, for Jane was thinking. Minerva's simplicity and directness had always been as an open book to Jane and it was not many minutes before she had the whole situation clear in her mind.

Minerva was actually pining away because of a violet gown; and Jonathan, as always, was blind as a bat to everything excepting cows, calves and chickens.

With Jane to think was to act, and when Jonathan came to dinner he encountered Jane at the gate.

"What shall we do about Minerva, Jonathan? She is miserable. You know that women stay at home too closely during the winter months and about April they need a change. They need new scenes, to see new people and new clothes."

"How does this bear on Minerva's troubles," interrupted Jonathan.

"In Minerva's case it is clothes."

"Clothes! Clothes!" roared Jonathan, "why she has closets full of clothes now."

"But I do not mean old clothes, I mean new clothes," said Jane. "Goodness knows if we could only open our closets some morning and find a blue silk where the old black one used to hang, and a violet silk in place of the old brown polka-dot,"—and here Jane paused, hoping that the small dots might sink in, "we should make no complaints."

"If this don't beat all creation, Jane Mellen. I never thought that you had such a light-weight streak in you," said Jonathan, as he walked around Jane and disappeared into the house.

This was one of many carefully planned encounters on Jane's part, and each move was made with a strategic accuracy worthy a war general.

The final straw to be lowered upon Jonathan's back was an old-fashioned watercolor sketch of violets, thoughtfully

loaned by Jane, which greeted him one morning when he opened his eyes.

"What's that, Minerva," demanded Jonathan.

"Oh, Jane brought it over, thinking it might interest me, being something new," was the parrot-like reply.

Jonathan looked from the bunch of faded flowers to Minerva and then back again.

Slowly but surely Jane's vaccine was beginning to work.

This morninig Jonathan continued to plough, but now he not only ploughed,—he thought.

After dinner he changed his work clothes for his town suit, and drove away on his trip to the village three miles distant.

Arriving at the store, he entered expecting to exchange the usual greetings, and one can imagine his surprise when he heard himself asking, "If you have anything in this whole darned place with violets on it, I want it."

"You want violets on somethin', neighbor?" asked Uncle West. "I'm afraid I haven't nothing."

While Jonathan was gazing about, now at the pickle barrel,—as if any moment a whole bunch might bound out of it,—and again at the eatable decorations, his eyes lighted upon a shelf of dress goods.

The two men were soon clumsily hunting for something with a purple pattern on it, and it was not many minutes before Jonathan was again making the trip over the muddy roads.

Jane at her sitting-room window saw him as he entered his yard.

"Yes, I'm out of your way, Jonathan Ware," murmured Jane to herself. "But the Lord love us if he isn't picking those violets under the dining-room window."

Meanwhile Jonathan was industriously picking violets for the first time in his life. Finally he closed his big hand over nearly every flower and leaf and gave one long, steady pull.

Armed with the lovely blossoms and the long, mysterious parcel he walked straight into Minerva's room.

"Here are the needed spring changes, Minerva," said Jonathan, as he dropped his ammunition into her lap.

Minerva eagerly untied the strings and almost caught her breath as she recognized the familiar spray of violets. As she started to speak, Jonathan interrupted.

"I fear I've been a hard man, Minerva. Perhaps I was born hard. Nobody wants a violet man, though, any more than one wants a hard woman. But," he added sheepishly, "sometimes it might be well for each to borrow from the other."

Some moments later Jane saw Jonathan walking lightly and quickly from the house. Suddenly he stopped and seemed to be looking away into the distance.

And shamelessly she stole his secret. "Well, I never," said Jane,—"if he isn't looking at that red and yellow sunset."

DARK OF MINE

O quiet dark,
O deep night skies
Full-set with living stars,
As yesternight,
And all the nights before,
Again I crave your balm.

My little mind,
My fevered brain
In petty toil grown tense
Looks up, and waits
The breath from thy great calm,—
Thy myst'ry, thine omnipotence.

A. M. H., '18

THE SPIRIT OF THE COUNTRY

LILIAN LEATHERS, '18

Prolog

The audience is seated on one side of an opening in a grove, facing the center. At right and left are two paths along which the various groups may enter.

An orchestra is concealed at the rear of the opening of the grove, opposite the audience. At the beginning, the orchestra is playing "The Blue Danube Waltz."

The Spirit of the country enters. She is clad in a Greek costume of deep blue, which signifies unity and loyalty,—with gold trimmings. On her head is a gold crown. She takes her stand in front of the orchestra, a little back from the opening to right and left, and she at first faces the audience.

Two couriers enter behind her and take their stand at either side of her. The couriers are clad in white with a band of blue across their shoulders.

I. The Needs of the Girls.

A group of shop girls enters from the left and kneels before the Spirit of the Country. In their hands they bear, if from manufacturing plants the materials of their labor, if from stores and offices the implements that indicate their tasks. These are extended toward the Spirit as one of the girls addresses her:

To you, O Spirit dear, we bring these gifts
Proof of all the work we've done for you
Who sent us forth, that by our well-spent lives
All useful industry might so be honored.
And now, far more than in these earlier days
The task of mill and shop must be performed
For this our nation, plunged in desperate war.
This is our gift, that from our accustomed hands
Munitions, clothing, food shall go prepared

To those who need them most both far and wide.
But as we humbly greet you, so we ask
That you will guide our lives, and grant to us
The things that make life rich and pure and strong.

The girls rise, leave their gifts in the hands of the couriers, and pass to the right. From the left comes the sound of voices and a group of girls in dark skirts and white middies appears, singing:

(Tune: Chorus of "Solomon Levi")

O, Webster Grammar,
Webster, tra la la la,
Fine Webster Grammar
Tra la la la la,
We call you Webster Grammar School,
With you we've spent our days,
It's ycu who've given us plenty of work,
And plenty of fun besides.
Hikes to camps, canoeing trips,
And suppers on the side,—
Oh, all the girls who went to you
Can sing of you with pride.

They group themselves before the Spirit of the Country, while one steps forward and says:

O Spirit, now we've left our school-day play,
And left those tasks that did but serve to show
How much remains, how much we yet must know.
We come to you to gain the broader view,
To learn from books, and life and all out-doors,
For we would live not narrow, selfish lives
But give our time to work and loving service.

A chatter is heard and as the group of School girls on the right mingle with the girls of Industry, a crowd of Home-girls

enters from the left. They wear bright colored ginghams and have on little caps and aprons. In their hands they bear jars of preserves and jellies, cakes, and dresses they have made. They march across to the right and before the Spirit, singing:

(Tune: "I Was Seeing Nellie Home)

We come with jams and spices,
With all things we've preserved,
Fresh from our orchards and our gardens,
Prepared with thot and care.

We come to thee, O Spirit,
We present you all our work,
We come to ask your wisest help
That our lives may be complete.

As this last group goes to mingle with the other two, the Spirit turns toward the group at the right, extending a hand lovingly to the girls and saying:

An abundance of things from your life you each have brot.
You, girls of Industry, with your wealth of power
Who care for us, prepare for all our needs,
And in this time of war, defend our homes.
But now I have for you the gift of play
That takes you far from strain of work and care,
Lightens your heart, renews the fire of love,
Leads you to woods and fields, to birds and flowers.

The Spirit of the Country turns to the left and calls:

Ho! Play, Spirit of Play—
I summon you to my right hand today,
For I would teach these girls of ours
The age-old art of simple play,
Sending them forth messengers of health,
Bearing the symbol of joyous strength.

The Spirit of Play clad in light green and white, comes joyfully in to whom the Spirit of the Country gives a branch with green leaves chanting:

Symbol of all growing things,
Strength and growth to girlhood brings,
Leading our youth, thru all the land's length
From "glory to glory," thru "strength to strength."

The Spirit of Play beckons to three groups approaching from the left. These are all clad in white, light greens, and pinks, and entering they give exhibitions.

1. A fancy march.
2. A folk dance.
3. A Maypole dance. The couriers bring in a Maypole with white and gold streamers and set up in the midst. The orchestra plays lightly and merrily.

The girls of Industry, School, and Home all watch eagerly.

The three groups skip off followed by the Spirit of Play. The Spirit of the Country turns and addresses all the girls:

We've shown you a bit of fun and play,
But there's another gift in store.
Some of you in mills and shops
Can seldom go out 'mid birds and flowers,
To wander 'round lakes and valleyed-hills,
To know the spirits of the wood.

A group passes across the left half of the opening, wearing campfire costumes and carrying camping utensils in their hands. They wave to the girls on the right as they go on, singing:

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

Now we go to build our fire,
To get our supper ready,
Then we'll come to get you girls
And teach you how to study.

Give you rocks, give you flowers,
Show you all the birds,
Then we'll eat, then we'll talk,
And make our friendship strong.

As the camping girls disappear, the Spirit of the Country continues:

These campfire sisters with their jolly song
Bid you spend an evening hour with them,
For you have not the time and chance of these,
Our friends of country-school and home,
Who live among the fields and near the woods.
'Tis for you girls to learn the little things
That make up all the beauty of the world,
Learn much about the stones and running brooks,
Watch birds and bees and come to know each flower,
That your life may be broader and that then
You may be ready to help all other girls.
To make the task before you not too hard,
I give you books and call these little elves as guides.

The Spirit of the Country takes from the couriers and gives to each girl a flower or bird book. Then she beckons toward the rear and a group of tiny wood spirits, dressed in greens and browns, appear and take their places beside the girls, as guides.

She pauses and listens. From the left come a group of girls as in white, singing:

(Tune: Antioch)

[First two verses of "Joy to World]

Toward them the Spirit extends her left hand, saying:

We welcome you, O daughters of the church,
For in these girls of ours we have a gift for you,
And in their need of you, you'll find your task.
I bid you welcome these from city and from home.

The Spirit of the Country extends her right hand to the girls of Industry, School, and Home, who rise, and with the Church girls, form a semi-circle in front of the Spirit of the Country. The Spirit of Play, the elves, guides and campfire girls all place themselves in a circle about the group. The Spirit of the Country addresses the first three groups.

To you, sisters of Work, School, and Home,
I bring these other sisters of the Church.
To them you can give added strength and power,
To you they offer love, service, worship.

The orchestra begins to play and audience joins girls in singing the "Hymn of the Lights."* Tune: "Ancient of Days."

The girls place their hands on each other's, circle and march before the Spirit of the Country. They are led by the Campfire Girls, then comes Play and the girls of Industry, then wood-spirits and girls from School, Home, last are the girls from the Church. They pass left into woods for their camp supper. As they march they sing The Chain Song: (Tune: Gypsy Trail.)

The Spirit of the Country stands quietly watching the procession until it is out of sight. She then goes off in opposite direction to join them later on their march. The blue of her gown gleams for a time through the trees as she passes from sight.

*Association (Fellowship) Hymnal.

OPINIONS

Now please don't misunder-
Stand me.
I am not trying to
Pose as a
Critic of this new poetry, but I
Am merely endeavoring
To tell you how the stuff impresses
The common herd.

It bewilders me. Sometimes
I think I see a glimmer of sense,
And again I
Decide that the printer has
Been drinking.
I can't quite make out whether
This
Form of literature is above my
Head or beneath
My notice, but I do know that it
Is a grand thing for
These poets who are paid for
Their productions
By
The
Line.

'19.

A POTATO TRAGEDY

"Shure Moike," said Pat perplexidly,
"What kin be ailing ye?
Yer glum as mud, but ricollict
How broight ye used ter be."

"Faith Pat", said Mike, "Oi kin not git
A problem out my moind;
Oi've thot and thot and yit, begosh,
No answer kin Oi foind."

"Begorry Moike, if thet is all
Ye diappoint me much
Shure but Oi thot it lack of spuds
Or eating rice and such.
But, faith, what kin this problem be
Thet ye grow glummer on,
Fer if ye want it solved, why Mike,
Begorry i'm yer mon.

"Will Pat," said Mike, "It is from spuds,
If ye are bound ter know,
I kin not think of any way
Ter git a crop ter grow.
Fer ivery toime I buy a few
And cut thim up ter plant,
My neighbors steal and eat thim all,
And stop thim—Gosh I can't."

"Begorry Moike, if ye've the cash
Ter raise pertaters still,
I'll tell ye of a remedy,
Thet's bound ter cure or kill.

Oi've tried it lots of toimes on crows;
It works each toime Oi've found.
Just smear yer spuds with tar a bit,
Thin put thim in the ground.

None could git the tar all off;
  Yer neighbors shurely can't;
And as fer spuds, faith, and ye'll git
  As many as ye plant."
"Faith and bejabbers Pat," said Mike,
  As off for spuds he went,
"It ought ter work, providid thet
  Folks don't ex perimint."—

They did, and dug the spuds all up
  And when the tar was found
They ate them, spuds, and tar, and all,—
  Or dropped them—above the ground.